Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes.
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him, *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let mee not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from mee,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne:
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while
Here comes your Vncle.
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, ile empty all thoſe veines,
And ſhead my deare blood, drop by drop, i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heat vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And on my face hee turn'd an eye o
Trembling euen at the name of *M*
Wor. I cannot blame him, was
By *Richard* that dead is, the next
Nor. Hee was; I heard the Proc
And then it was, when the vnha
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pard
Vpon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence hee intercepted, did
To bee depos'd and ſhortly murder
Wor. And for whoſe death, wee i
Liue ſcandaliz'd and fouly ſpoken o
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the Crowne?
Nor. Hee did, my ſelfe did he
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame hi
That wiſht him on the barren mou
But ſhall it bee, that you that ſet the
Vpon the head of this forgetfull ma
And for his ſake weare the deteſted
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall
That you a world of curſes vndergo
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond me
The cords, the ladder, or the hangm
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicamen
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil
Shall it for ſhame bee ſpoken in the
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come
That men of your Nobility and pow
Did gage them both in an vniuſt beh
(As both of you, God pardon it, ha
To put downe *Richard* that ſweet
And plant this thorne, this canker
And ſhall it in more ſhame bee furth
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, an
By him, from whom theſe ſhames

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